

clubs and after a short but sharp scrimmage succeeded in dispersing the murderous highlanders. Seven of the fighters escaped into a house of ill repute in Sullivan alley, and here they were captured a few minutes later by a squad of police. Eight of the frail inmates of the house were also arrested and the whole lot marched to the police station under a strong guard. Half an hour later \$800 in gold coin was put up for the release of the women. The men were charged with frequenting a house of ill fame and their bail fixed at \$20 each, which was furnished.

About six weeks ago a Mrs. Augusta Weller began a systematic course of swindling with profitable results at Los Angeles, Cal. The woman's plan was to purchase articles on the installment plan, and as soon as they were delivered pawn them. Being of good address and apparently respectable, she was very successful. Among other things, she secured four sewing machines, silver plate, portieres, lace curtains, a watch and a diamond pin, all of which she pawned at various places. Failing to make payment on one of her sewing machines, the agent became suspicious. When he finally cornered the woman she made some excuse and escaped. A complaint was sworn out and a detective put on her track. He discovered that she had gone to Arizona, where she probably now is. All the stolen property was finally located and returned to the owners. In the course of the investigation it was discovered that, eight years ago, while living at Sioux City, she robbed her husband of \$1500 and eloped with Weller to Chicago, where she had trouble. She went to Omaha, Portland, Seattle and San Francisco. In February she went to Los Angeles. There she found her first husband, whom she had deserted at Sioux City. He had married again and was living here with his family. Weller apparently knew nothing of her doings. The woman invested all her ill-made gains in the lottery.

On March 28 a dapper young man arrived in Beatrice, Nebraska, and registered at the best hotel in the city, styling himself as J. R. James of St. Paul. He claimed to represent a law book publishing house, and called on a leading law firm, saying that he desired to quit the road and study law. He was given a place in the office, and until May 5th everything went well. On that day he left the city quietly and without saying where he was going or when he would return. On Saturday two drafts for \$250 and \$200 respectively, drawn on St. Louis and Denver banks, were returned protested. On one was forged the name of a member of the law firm as indorser and on the other the forged signature of a business man, who had given James a letter to write on a typewriter, was written. Nearly two weeks had elapsed between the time of James' departure and the discovery of the forgeries. He has probably made good his escape. It is thought, however that the same party was in Kearney after leaving here. On Saturday three drafts bearing forged signatures turned up in Kearney. They aggregated \$400 and had been issued in exactly the same manner as were the Beatrice forgeries. The

maker ingratulated himself in the office of a law firm in the same place. The drafts had all been cashed without a question; in neither instance was the alleged indorser called on for identification, so perfect were the signatures.

A sad accident occurred on the O. S. L. on Monday, says the *Montpellier (Idaho) Post*, by which Carl Eggle, a young married man, aged twenty-four, lost his life. Mr. Eggle was one of the section hands from this town and on Monday went with the rest of the men on the work train for the purpose of unloading ties as far as Cokeville. When the train had got to Cokeville all the section hands between Montpellier and that place got on the train ready for the homeward trip. It is reported that the conductor locked the door of the caboose and the men had to stand on the platform. Be that as it may, there was a crowd of men on both ends of the caboose, and that it was through the crowded condition they were in that the accident is without doubt attributed to. As the train came to Montpellier the conductor saw a tie sticking up and projecting as he thought over the track. Believing that it would strike the train he signaled to Engineer Hull to slack up. The air was applied, and the caboose gave a jerk and poor Eggle was thrown from it on the rails, three wheels of the caboose passing over his body in an oblique direction, nearly severing his right arm. He lived but ten minutes, but was never conscious. His mangled body was picked up and placed on the caboose and he was brought to Montpellier, without an inquest being held to determine legally the true cause of his death. The wife of the poor fellow is almost distracted with grief, and her case is all the more pitiable on account of the fact that she is expected to become a mother within two or three weeks, to which event both were looking with great joy. There is some talk of a damage suit being planted against the railroad company.

A special communication from Fish Haven (Idaho) to the *Montpellier Post* says: About four miles south of this place, half a mile across the Idaho line in Utah, is a stream of water called Swan Creek, which has its source about one mile west of the edge of the lake. The water boils and bubbles from the base of a high and massive ledge of rock with tremendous force and violence. The volume of water is so great that at the lowest estimate there must be 30,000 gallons per minute, roaring and tearing down the mountain side and through ravines until it reaches the beautiful, limpid waters of Bear Lake. Mr. C. B. Wilson, Alexander Sims and others have for some time past been working on a ditch leading from the spring with a view to utilizing some of this water for irrigating purposes, and have just completed a cut across the point of a hill, through hard limestone rock. The cut is twenty-two feet deep at the highest point and is about 600 feet long. When completed it will reach from the spring of Fish Haven, and will be capable of irrigating and reclaiming fully 1000 acres of valuable land that would otherwise be worthless for farming in addition to watering considerable land already under cultivation. The soil is

of the richest kind and with plenty of water available will produce bounteous harvest, as the crops are secure from frosts in this section. Yesterday (the 18th inst.) the water was turned into the new ditch for the first time to see how it would run, and some places in the cut being high, Mr. Sims went up to the spring to turn the water off. He was never seen alive again. He was not missed until late last night, as the boys on the ditch thought he had gone home. About midnight an alarm was raised throughout this quiet neighborhood and parties went in search. Where the water boils up at the head of the stream a dam had been constructed so as to raise the water to the level of the ditch, and it is thought that in trying to remove these boards to turn the water off, he slipped and fell into this boiling, seething torrent, and was carried down stream to where he was found at 3 o'clock this morning 200 yards below, lodged on a stump. It is also supposed that his head struck upon a large rock just under the falls as the scalp was completely torn from the top of the head. It was stated that he had been working on this ditch and his farm for the last eight or nine years and was just about to see his hopes realized by getting water on the land when he met with this sad and violent death. Deceased was born near Aberdeen, Scotland, November 14th, 1835. He lived for some time in Cape Town, Africa, and came to this country in 1865. He was a faithful Latter-day Saint and was respected by all with whom he had become acquainted.

## NOTES.

WHAT ABOUT the Fourth of July? Are we as a municipality going to celebrate or not?

THE PRESIDENT'S determination to call Congress together in special session in September seems to please everybody—including the Washington hotel-keepers.

HENRY CLEWS, the New York financier, thinks the worst of the financial trouble is over. From an authority who is never accused of taking a too roseate view, this is highly encouraging.

A PIECE of real estate on Fifth Avenue, New York, was sold the other day for \$2,500,000, and the purchaser refused to have his name disclosed. He was probably an Ogden man; like the rest, rich but modest.

THE WORLD'S Fair has cost \$83,000,000. Its earnings during May, over and above expenses, amounted to \$260,000. The same rate continued to the end of the show would only bring in about a million and a half. Unless there is a mighty improvement in the receipts, somebody is going to quit the loser.

IN ITS biographical sketch of Edwin Booth, the New York *Recorder*, referring to his visit to California in 1858, says at that time "a woman who had escaped from the Mormons was an important acquisition to the company, and played Pauline to his Claude Melnotte." Mr. Booth subsequently escaped from the Mormons two or three times himself, and each time took